

linians abroad. The Alumni—constituting many of the greatest and best men of any country—flocked there periodically. Literary men in all professions went there to renew their draughts at the sparkling fountains and mingle in the charming society which abounded at the classic spot. Beauty, too, flocked there, radiant with its divinest charms; for beauty adores literature in Maccassar oil, Byronic collars, and shiny cravats! No North Carolina belle considered herself as fairly in the field until she had made at least one campaign in Chapel Hill, bringing away, dangling at her belt, the scalps of a half dozen seniors or juniors, with no end of weeping sophs and soft-hearted freshmen. Considerately, too, the stern discipline of college was relaxed, and gaiety and fun reigned supreme. Dignified professors either *let go* or retired. The trustees built for such occasions an elegant ball-room, in which hundreds of youthful feet chased the glowing hours. The relaxation was general, the joy universal. The shady groves—in full June glory—were filled with enamored couples, who wandered through its mazes, roamed through the halls, the libraries, the laboratories, whispering, no doubt, the old and ever-new story!

Such it continued, growing into our hearts and planting its pupils in every corner of the State and South, until it has educated about three thousand young men. Then came the war. Almost every class was immediately emptied into the army. The young blood was on fire; it was soon poured out like water. The roll call of the classes of 1861 would be one of the saddest exhibits of the war. With great difficulty the indefatigable President kept up the classes through the struggle, until 1868. Then the new order of things came, and the great disciples of progress and education took charge of our University. The old professors who had been mainly instrumental in building up its high renown, and had devoted their entire lives to its service, were turned out to grass, and a